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LIFE.

A veil of green
And tender sheen
Is flung o'er the earth,
And this is life's birth.

When summer is old
The green turns to gold,
And the sun shines bright,
And this if life's might.

The story is told
When the brown leaves mold
Neath winter's breath,
For this is life's death.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

LOWELL.

IN several departments of literature James Russell Lowell stands first or among the first on the list of cisatlantic men of letters. Considering the different branches in which he plied his pen with more than ordinary success, we must admit him to be a protean-like genius. He is our greatest poet, a melodious versifier, an excellent rhymist, a sound critic, a very successful satirist, and one of our greatest wits.

As a poet he is admitted to have no rival on this side of the Atlantic. It is true, Lowell is far from being our most popular poet, nor is he the most appreciated by the people. But these are no infallible criteria by which to judge thus a poet's worth. If we read his verses written in a lady's album, it would seem as if he himself had thought, later generations might number him among those who were born, wrote verses, and died; but in the preface to the "Fable for Critics," we are told very explicitly that he cares naught for the appreciation of his contemporaries, knowing well that the first verdict is almost invariably changed in the long run of years. In his critical writings he mentions more than once the consoling fact, that the world will immortalize every poet who immortalizes himself, though he may for generations be under the influence of a literary asphyxy; and that every poetaster, though for a time the idol of a corrupted age, must eventually die, because only truly living verses can preserve

a writer from being thrust into the charnel-house of oblivion. Lowell had the firm conviction that he was a poet, and with this conviction he gave his verses to the world, looking to the future for a niche in the temple of fame. There is little doubt that this will be given him.

The poetry of Lowell is mainly that of culture, of wit and humor, and of satire. He very seldom wearies us with the more prosy kind of poetry, such as lengthy reflections or meditations served up in verse, descriptions when merely such, didactic verses, moralizing and sermonizing. Our poet either sings or talks; even in the latter case he is interesting, having always something to say; and he says it with a smile on his face which even in case of severe satire never turns into a sardonic grin. What Lowell thinks of different kinds of prose-poetry, he clearly expresses in an amusing poem on "The Origin of Didactic Poetry."

"When the wise Minerva still was young
And just the least romantic,"

She made an experiment

"In writing po-, no, verses."

After having tired all the gods with a recital of them, she flings the torn rhymes through Olympus' back window. Those that happened to fall on good soil, however,

"Sprang up again in copies,
And gave two strong narcotics birth,
Didactic verse and poppies."

Years after the goddess advised a poet:

"Put all your beauties in your rhymes,
Your morals in your living."

We have no authority for affirming that it was

Lowell himself to whom this advise was given; but so much is certain, he observed it to the letter.

If Lowell did not write many poems which singly stand as monuments of eternal fame, there is at least one eminently worthy of immortality. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is one of the choicest "pearls in American waters." We do not know which to admire more, the delicate and exquisite descriptions of nature or the wealth of imaginative power revealed in the story. It adds one more proof to the many, that a poet to reap the richest harvest must sow on the territory of the Church.

Of his other poems "A Legend of Brittany," "Rhoecus," "An Indian-Summer Reverie," and a great number of those under the heading "Under the Willows," together with "The Cathedral" rank among his best. They reveal a fervent glow of imagination; a delicate, sensitive soul; a sharp far-sighted intellect.

The imagery in "The Legend of Brittany" is so rich and lively, especially in the first part, that we fancy ourselves transported into an Elysium of beauty and love. "An Indian-Summer Reverie" is a delicate bit of American landscape painting, executed in soft colors; the scene is thickly strewn with most beautiful flowers. There is a peculiar business-like American tinge given to the whole, with which even the birds and flowers seem alive.

"From it exhales that Indian-Summer air
Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere."

"The Cathedral" is one of Lowell's most exquisitely finished poems. It may well be compared to the grand, inspiring structure which it celebrates;

but if the form is as faultless as that of a Gothic cathedral, the metaphysic reflections in which the poet loses himself in the course of the poem make it as cold and lifeless as the marble walls of the former. Lowell wrote few if any poems more charming than "Rhoecus." Its classic beauty, grace, and chasteness is hard to be surpassed. It is here, too, that we see his youthful heart tenderly in love with nature. This love, indeed, breathes through almost all his poems, a free, unrestrained, spontaneous outburst of a pure passion more vividly felt than in the best lines of even Bryant. This rare love of nature creeps at times even into his prose writings. Read "My Garden Acquaintance," the opening essay in "My Study Windows." The writer acquaints you with "White's Natural History of Selborne," and you expect a thorough criticism, may-be some sarcasm and a score of puns into the bargain. But after passing some highly laudatory remarks on the volume, before him, the critic unconsciously turns poet introducing you to his robins, catbirds, blue-jays, orioles, his "devil-may-care bobolinks," and all his other pets. He speaks in such a free-and-easy manner that one should fancy himself listening to Irving or Addison rather than to a stern, satirizing critic.

Lowell is the most intensely American of all our poets. In proof of this assertion I might quote any number of passages from his prose or verse, but it is most satisfactorily verified in his glorious "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration." There is nothing of the mob patriotism,

but his verse thrills with the melody of a deep-souled, heroic devotion to a noble mother.

Here as elsewhere Lowell shows himself above the sentiment of the rabble. His political views are always healthy, never misguided by party-spirit or popular bias; even in matters of religion Mr. Lowell shows himself less bigoted than most of his co-religionists. In this point he compares very favorably with Dr. Holmes; and we are convinced that Lowell would never have written such coarse and slanderous verse as "To Pius IX," or "The Dream of Pio Nono" of the Quaker poet Whittier. It is a satisfaction to turn from the vulgar "Voices ef Freedom," in which the same poet gives vent to his hatred of the Southerner, to Lowell's pure verses on the same subject which breathe forth an unfeigned love for his oppressed fellow-men.

"The Biglow Papers" go to prove the same. These are two series of bucolic idylls written in Yankee dialect. The different fictitious personages figuring in these productions represent their respective class of people and acquaint us with the manners, character, thought and policy of the Yankee. The Rev. Homer Wilbur is a worthy exponent of that class of men who felt a vocation to write Kettelopotomachian perplexameters and whose list of honorary titles could not be compressed within the limits of an ordinary title page "without descending to a smaller size of type than would have been compatible with the dignity of the several societies to be named." Mr. Biglow bodies forth the "homely common sense, vivified

and heated by conscience;" while Mr. Birdofredom Sawin was invented for the "clown of the little puppet show."

These Papers we consider among the best that Lowell has ever written. They are replete with patriotism, sentiment, humor, and an unoffending satire, which last Lowell considered a poet's most effective and proper weapon and the most persuasive means of preaching the gospel of sound politics concerning the two wars to which the slavery-question gave rise. There are passages, the notions of Hosea Biglow regarding the "candid 8's," for example, that are not less amusing than the most delicate extracts from the "Rape of the Lock." Beneath the rough garb of dialect we find at times a deep and soulful pathos not inferior to Mr. Lowell's at his best. In the lucubrations of the pastor of Jaalam we discover many choicy thoughts — scattered over the page like those Latin proverbs of which he is so fond. In his posthumous publications we meet with many expressions of epigrammatic sententiousness; they might be from the pen of Bacon.

The fact that these poems are written in dialect is often adduced as a charge against them. But an excellent plea may be found in the very valuable introduction to the second series. The author here very correctly remarks that the unaffected language as spoken by the people contains the very essence of true poetry. He proves, too, that these papers contain very few so-called Americanisms, tracing nearly every phrase in

question back to older English authority. The "Biglow Papers," he says with truth, stand less in need of a glossary to the ordinary reader than do the works of Shakspere. Doubtless, the great majority of readers will find these productions, despite their Yankee dialect, of sufficient interest to follow the author to the end and then admit that Hosea showed a sound judgment when he put down at the grand finale of his speech in March Meeting: "(Tumult'ous applause and cries of 'Go on!' 'Don't stop!')."

The "Notices of an Independent press," pre-fixed to the "Biglow Papers" reflect the sins of editors and reviewers with very effective and pleasant satire. "A Fable for Critics," a satire on the principal contemporary American writers, is one of Lowell's most interesting productions. The poet shows himself very witty and ingenious; his Apollo has good taste, a keen power of observation and a fair estimate of most of our writers. There is little reason why the poem should be called a Fable; we do not discover even the nucleus of a plot, but a mere mixtumgatherum of desultory remarks thrown together at hap-hazard. While Lowell at times shows himself equal to the most melodious versifiers in the language, here his verse is weak and unpolished. The Fable is

"Not poetry—no, not quite that, but as good,
A kind of winged prose, that could fly if it would."

The poet was, no doubt, aware of this; he only meant to give some needed information to his fellow-poets, which he would have penned in prose; but he seems to have thought,

"By way of saving time
I'll do this letter up in rhyme."

And in rhyme it is done up from first to last.
Apollo hits the mark when he says:

"There is Lowell who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme."

"The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott" is another delightful poem. It seems to have been written with a direct view to prove to the world that the author of "Sir Launfal" was not only a poet, but also a rhymist without equal and a punster without rival. Beginning with the line

"If life's true seat were in the brain,—
you find as many consecutive verses rhyming to
"brain" as there are letters in the English alphab-
eth. The puns—and they are among his best—
are scattered over the poem like correction marks
over a proof-sheet. Here is the first line of the
poem and the last:

"My worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott"—
"Miss Knott missed not her lover."

As a satirist Lowell stands in the first rank of American writers. His "Biglow Papers" and "A Fable for Critics" are his principal satirical writings in verse; among his prose criticisms there is scarcely one essay, in which he does not handle this favorite weapon. His satire is pungent and castigating, but very seldom vulgar or directly offensive. Sometimes, however, it becomes severely caustic, as in the "Library of Old Authors," where he castigates the foibles of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt.

The prose style of Mr. Lowell is very energetic but somewhat discursive; his rich store of

information not unfrequently betrays him to pour forth thoughts upon thoughts until he unconsciously rambles beyond his proper limits and becomes obscure and vague. His pages are full of poetical allusions and chance puns. They are delightful to be sure, but—nequid nimis. At times he will pursue them and spin them out until they become pedantic. They affect us then somewhat similarly as would annotations to a joke. Some of his essays, however, are free from this overplus of imagination and fancy, as, for instance, that on Dante and On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners; here his style is clear, vigorous and not unworthy of imitation.

Mr. Lowell, best of all our men of letters, stands as representative of American thought and culture of the higher classes. As poet and critic he is worthy of undying fame, and we trust that as time rolls on his name will grow more familiar and dearer to the land and people he loved so intensely.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.



WORK.

'Tis noontide, Summer-noontide, when the light
Rains down from heaven upon the landscape fair,
And the blue sky is dimpled with the white
Of thin clouds floating slowly through the air,
Touching the summits of the mountains bare;
While o'er the tree-tops sportive breezes stray,
Lifting their leafy hair in amorous play.

Out in the meadows there is work to-day,
For toiling youths and maidens, for the ground
Is carpeted with swarths of whitening hay,
Whose odorous sweetness fills the air around.

For every hand its labor-task is found:
There some are busy with the fork and rake,
Here merry children loaded armfuls take.
And now the wains are filled and from the field
The mountain-loads are moving to the yard,
To cheer the farmer with the plenteous yield;
But still the willing hands must labor hard
From risk of changeful skies the crop to guard;

For when the sun goes down and comes the night,
The ricks must all be finished trim and tight.

Repine not, man, at labor, 'tis your doom—
Hand-work, or brain-work, whichsoe'er it be;
Whether in bright fresh field or dark close room,
In cloistered study or on stormy sea,
None are exempt from work by God's decree.

They labor best that doom who cheeriest bear,
Making their life of work a life of prayer.

Craftsman and statesman, soldier, sailor, hind,
Penman and painter, men of art and lore—
All have their labor-missions; muscle, mind,
Spirit and soul—to each one less or more
God metes the portion he must labor o'er.
Of the world's mighty work; there's none too high
Or none too low, in the Taskmaster's eye.

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

AT no time has the human race been without some notions of a superior being, a deity that guides and controls the destinies of mankind. For a time some nations had perhaps but one god or only a few, whereas other nations had countless divinities. After the confusion of Babel, everything beyond the weak and untutored intellect of man became a god or demigod, and from the divergency of the human mind arose a chaos of divinities. The study of these gods and their relation to each other, as well as the influence exerted by them is the science of mythology. Such a study must surely be of great interest to the scholar, since the mythology and history of a nation are closely interwoven. We may even today study the characteristics of nations by their mythology, though the gods of old have long tumbled from their rickety pedestals.

Most of us are fairly well acquainted with the myths of old Hellas and Rome. Ancient literature is nothing but the mythology of Greece and Rome, and modern literature is replete with mythological allusions. It is different with the myths of the countries of the mid-night sun. Comparatively little is known about the grandeur and sublimity of the gods in northern mythology. The deities of most of the southern countries are but dwarfs when compared with these northern gods in their overpowering greatness and sublimity. Harmony

and beauty are the most conspicuous features of southern mythology; but these two qualities the northern myths do not lack, though they be not so apparent in them. We may perhaps compare northern mythology to the Gothic style, and the southern to the Roman style of architecture. The harmony and beauty of a Gothic structure is certainly great, though not so apparent as in a Roman edifice with its well rounded cupolas. Having, however, once detected the wonderful harmony that exists between the smallest and largest, between the lowest and highest pinnacle, our eyes will with all the more zest feast on the newly-discovered sources of pleasure. Again, while yet speaking of a Gothic structure, where one pinnacle soars above the other, but one of which must be the highest, we are forcibly reminded of the clear traces of monotheism in these northern myths, that gleam, though faintly, through long series of centuries, despite the polytheism of later ages. Adding to this the fact that the myths of the North are not permeated with that morbid sensuality so characteristic of the South, and that these myths are so closely connected with English literature and language, we must say, the study of northern mythology is very important and desirable, if not even imperative.

Tacitus has given us some ideas about the Germans, whose customs and myths are nearly identical with those of the Scandinavians. But this would be meager information indeed, if we had no other sources. Almost everything we know about Norse mythology we have from the Eddas,

the elder and the younger. The former was compiled by the learned Icelander, Sigrusson, about 1100, the latter by Sturlusson about a century later. The elder Edda tells us everything in detail pertaining to these myths of the North, whereas the younger has two clear and simple explanations of them. Edda means great-grandmother, and Tacitus already makes mention of it. These two Eddas are indeed the bible of the North. Without them everything concerning the north of Europe before its Christianization would be shrouded in total obscurity.

According to these tales of the Edda there were two worlds, Niflheim, the cold and frozen, and Muspellheim, the warm, the burning. As in the mythology of almost all countries, vast giants stride through the pristine chaos. From the masses of snow was born the giant Ymir, the horrible god made of frozen oceans. His children sprang from his feet and arms, and from them were born all the terrible forces of nature, as the barren mountains, the raging storms of the North, in short, everything hostile to the sun and life. The first man, Bur, is brought to light by the cow Audumbla, whilst licking the hoar frosts from the rocks. The grand children of Bur then kill the monstrous god Ymir, and from his limbs is formed the earth with all that is in it. Odin,—or according to the Anglo-Saxon, Wodan,—was the son of Bur and is generally called the All-Father, for everything before him in the Edda was yet in incipiency. With him we begin to deal when speaking about Northern myths. He had two brothers,

Wile and We, who form from now on, instead of monotheism, a sort of a trinity. They together then created the dwarfs who were to build a grand magnificent city surrounded by blooming gardens and sacred groves, and the Bifrost, a bridge connecting the abodes of the gods with those of man. By this bridge the rain-bow is understood, the brightest part of which was inhabited by Odin and his two brothers. Then Odin wooed the goddess Frigga, resting in the deep waters, and he daily descended from on high to rest on the bosom of the beautiful goddess. The brilliant streams of light he pours forth are wed to the dense vapors of the earth, and they bring forth the god of thunder, Thor, who, with his crushing hammer, wields the thunderbolts and distributes the showers. He is the mightiest of all the gods, but he is benevolent to man, for he prevents the lightning from doing any harm. Other gods springing from this union were Baldur, the brilliant and most beautiful god of youth and innocence; Bragi, the god of song and eloquence; Tyr, the god of wisdom, bravery, and power; and, finally, Hodur, the blind but strong god, the symbol of brute force not controlled by the intellect. From now on there are already twelve gods, who reign with almost equal power. They are called Aesir, or Ases; the place they inhabit is called Asgard. There each has his own palace. Odin's palace was entirely built of silver, and Baldur's was resting on golden pillars. All the gods reigned forever in undiminished splendor. Then there was yet Gladheim the hall of gladness; Wingolf, the hall of love and

friendship; Glasor, a grove of golden trees; and Vahalla, the Olympus of the North. Here the heroes, slain on the bloody battle-fields, would live in joy and, as is peculiar to the idea of these Norsemen, they would still engage in bloody battles day by day. When the signs were given to cease their fighting, all their wounds were suddenly healed. Then they indulged in merry feasts, in which the meadhorn, filled with their precious beverage, would make the round. Mead was the beverage of immortality and was served by the Valkyrs, ever youthful maidens, who accompanied the warriors in battles and carried the fallen heroes into Vahalla. But only the heroes honorably fallen on the battle-field were to enter into this abode of everlasting bliss. There Odin in his wisdom kept them to be well prepared for the general war, in which he had to fight the treacherous Loki, the god of the fire and the prince of darkness, who with fierce resolve worked incessantly at the destruction of all the gods. From him descended the other demons of the nether world, as Hel, who reigned in the nether world, the monstrous wolf called Fenris and the gigantic serpent called Migardsorm. Hel is very ugly, of a hideous, bluish-black appearance. She lives in Nifheim; her hall is Eliud meaning misery, her bed Koer or sickness, her table Hunger or famine. All who had the dire misfortune not to die on the battle-field must go to Eliud. A terrible fate indeed, but in harmony with the ideas of these northern warriors, who knew no sickness and no cowardice, and to whom the bloodiest battle field

was the veriest Elysium. The wolf Fenris was such a monster that with the upper part of his jaw he would touch the heavens and with the lower part the nether world. These, together with the great serpent Midgord, surrounding the whole earth, are the forces of darkness and join Loki in the destruction of the gods. To make this more tragic and dreary, the treacherous Loki hands to the blind Hodur, the god of Winter, who is in play with his brother Baldur, the god of brightness or Summer, the fatal mistletoe, the only plant that could wound the brilliant Baldur. Hodur thus kills his brother, and six severe winters follow one another. From all sides huge masses of snow roll down upon the earth, the cold is unbearable, the stars are all extinguished, and a wild desperate warfare ensues. The inhabitants of Muspellheim with Loki as their leader make an attack upon Asard; they storm the Bifrost, which, unable to carry the heavy burden of the bad gods, falls together, burying the good as well as the bad gods; and because the monstrous Fenris devours all, he too perishes. From this mutual destruction of the gods arises a new generation of gods and men, who live together in unperishable happiness.

Such are the tales of the Edda. Their prominent characteristic is no doubt the warring element among the gods that continually threatens to shake the worlds to their utter foundations. "Life is a struggle" is the thought that lies at the bottom of these wild myths. There are two forces, the good and the bad will, constantly trying to overcome each other; symbolical, indeed, of the two forces

that actuate men. We may safely say that by far nobler ideas are contained in the myths of the North than in most of the southern nations. Compare the gods of the South with those of the North. You have idols hewn out by a frail mortal, against the grandeur of all nature. The Norse gods were something grand, undefinable, moving through all nature. Of course, we also find heroes, giants, Titans or Cyclops in the myths of other nations, but they dwindle into insignificance when brought into comparison with those giants of the North. Tacitus loves to compare Hercules to a Thor, but the former is a little pigmy when compared with Thor. These sublime characteristics in Norse mythology with the idea of monotheism contained in it, and the almost Christian sacredness in which womanhood was held, will always be dear to the student. Especially the last mentioned quality must always command our admiration, the more so since the Edda was not at all influenced by Christianity. As to the grandeur and sublimity in these myths, no one understood them better than the great Wagner. He as a German gloried in them, but he knew that such interesting tales, so ideal, yet so symbolical, would speak to the heart, not only of those that by race and tradition are more closely connected with these myths, but even to the heart of any people. And that he was right, Americans have fully shown, for with them, the heroes of the Eddas have long ago become household words.

GERHARD G. HARTJENS, '97.

A CONTENTION.

A stately Rose just blushing into fullest life
Stood queenly near a crystal fount close by a bower airy
And feeling all her beauty's charms maintained a strife
With a Lily growing near all white and beauteous like
a fairy.

Not far apart from them, aside a little rill
A modest, chaste For-get-me-not concealed its tiny flower
Within a tuft of grass; it waived the strife, but still
Was conscious of its charms, though acting like a latent
power.

The Rose accosted thus the rival Lily fair:

“The flowers’ queen am I and valued as the highest
treasure,
An emblem of fair love, that godlike virtue rare,
To man the sweetest remnant of the wreck of Eden’s
pleasure.
Diffusing sweetest perfume but when crushed, men pluck
Me rudely from my stem and offer me, a kind donation,
Wherever hands are joined in friendship, love or luck
A sacred pledge of generous sacrifice or self-oblation.

“When a maiden pure and childlike is allowed to taste
The bread of life which angels fain would eat, or when,
decided
To sacrifice herself to God a virgin chaste,
Her lightsome step towards some abode of cloistral
peace are guided,
Or when she offers heart and hand with solemn vow
For aye unto a noble youth—on every such occasion
A wreath of fragrant roses round her beauteous brow
Is deemed the most significant and fitting decoration.”

The snowy Lily then replied in gentle speech:

“But I am emblematic of that virtue all celestial
Which gives to love its highest worth, enables it to reach

The same exalted plane where spirits love, where all
terrestrial

Desire is clarified—that virtue which is sought
And praised by men, possessed by angels and the Un-
created,
The gift of purity in deed and word and thought,—
Of chasteness such as hers, whose Son redeemed man-
kind when fated.”

Then spake the fair Forget-me-not, the tender, blue:
“I am the most forgot of all the floral fairy daughters.”
She sighed, and from her eye a crystal drop of dew
Fell like a gracious tear and mingled with the purling
waters.

She praised in accents soft the lily and the rose,
The rose and lily so beloved because their charms are
patent;
But thinking of her own deserts, she humbly chose
The wiser part of boasting not her virtues lying latent.

Beneath the bower’s aerial roof a gracious maid
Would while away her idle hours in pleasant contempla-
tion
Of Nature’s gifts, or, musing in the cooling shade
Of arbored walks, compare their worth and study their
relations.

The spotless lily often saw her cheery smile,
And many a blooming rose adorned her curly tresses;
But often, too, the lovely maiden would beguile
The sad forget-me-not aside the rill with soft caresses.

Desiring much to know to whom were due the bays
Of greater excellence the rose and lily once consented
To make that elfin queen, the fairest of the fays,
Their arbiter; the maiden came and to their wish as-
sented.
Her task was difficult, indeed, and nice—

To gauge those finer faculties by just and fair decision;
She weighed them once and once again and weighed them
 thrice;—

Her feelings rose against herself in discord and division.

See looked and thought and thought and looked and
 thought again,

She loved the sanguine rose reminding her of love when
 bleeding,

Nor could the very lily maide refuse to ken

 Her snowy rival's charms and listen to her tender plead-
 ings;

“When heroes fall for God or home or native land

 Their graves are strewn with roses, emblems of their
 love in daring

The spotless lily's seen within the purer hand

 Of virgins fair and infant saints when angels' glory
 sharing.”

Forget-me-not aside the rill stood still and shy,

 But looked upon the contemplating maid with growing
 wonder.

“They're both as fair as thou,” she said, and in reply

 The maiden: “I pronounce them peers—why think and
 judge and wonder?

But thou, my silent little friend,—who does not love

 Thy soft cerulean hue, or feel his thoughts with comfort
 laden

Beholding thee, the type of trust which ranks above

 The charms of crimson rose or lily pure or fairest
 maiden.

Thy tiny blossom keeps alive the love of friend

 To friend when separated, though a flatterer fain would
 sever

The bond; the thought of thee preserves the hand

 When promised once in faith and loyalty for aye and
 ever.

Thou type of loyalty, inestimably dear,

Of constancy unchanging like thy never-changing azure,
Of truth which estimates the worth of smile and tear
And which is every noble virtue's undeceiving measure!

For what would be the worth of love, as roses sweet,
If thou didst not remind it oft: 'Be faithful and con-
fiding?'

And lily chasteness would—like lily's beauty—fleet
Away and wither: thou dost warn: 'Be constant and
abiding.'

Thy excellence surpasses that, my little dame,
Of rose and lily both and—thus decides impartial duty—
The most enduring charm lies in thy very name
Forget-me-not—the prize is thine, thou shy and modest
beauty."

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.



THERE ARE OTHERS.

(Triolet.)

A gleam of golden tresses,—
The shining lover's pride.
They thralled him in their meshes,
Those gleaming, golden tresses,
But denied his light caresses
In their silken gleams to bide,
The gleaming, golden tresses
On a rival lover's bride.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

THOUGHTS ON "THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC."

NOT every one knows the authors of "Comus," "Timon of Athens," or "The Talisman," but who, claiming the slightest knowledge of letters, is unfamiliar with the author of "Paradise Lost," the creators of "Hamlet" and "Ivanhoe." There is in the life of every man that which is essentially the work of the man. Few may know what tremendous influence Orestes A. Brownson exerted in his Review, in fact it is unlikely that his name would be handed down to us had he written naught save his Review. He would have sunk from sight with those hidden forces which are so potent in the making of history. But Brownson was more than a mere reviewer and there is one work which will stand preeminently as his work, the keystone of his fame, "The American Republic." He spoke truly who said, "It ought to be read and studied by every American who takes an interest in the history and welfare of his country, "for it is a philosophical treatise by a patriot and Catholic statesman concerning origin, constitution, tendencies, and the glorious destiny of our land, written as only a Catholic could and would write it.

In his admirable preface Brownson explains why he wrote the book at all and why he wrote it as he did. A variety of causes prevented his taking to the field of battle and he considered it but a discharge of a debt of loyalty and patriotism to write the Republic. In his preface he anticipates

all criticism by becoming critic and reviewer of his own production. Brownson realized his own mistakes and merits as no other could. Most authors have a prejudiced view of their productions; they either have a too high opinion of their own merits or else lack all knowledge of their genius. Evidently then it was Brownson, the critic that understood Brownson, the author. "It (*The Republic*) is an essay rather than a scientific treatise. I have taken some pains to exchange the reviewer for the author, but am fully conscious that I have not succeeded. My work can lay claim to very little artistic merit. It is full of repetitions." Such is Brownson's candid statement. The last remark is especially true. Indeed, one is tempted to believe he has lost his place and is but giving passages a second reading. Brownson, however, acknowledges his having written thus with "malice afore thought," trusting little to the general reader's memory. Thus it is that his very faults become merits and his style is as clear as crystal.

In the preface the author gains our sympathy from the very outset. What more manly thought than expressed in his words, "I write throughout as a Christian because I am a Christian; as a Catholic because all Christian principles, nay, all real principles are catholic. I am a Catholic by God's grace and great goodness and must write as I am. I could not write otherwise if I would and would not if I could.

What an honest rebuke to those pusillanimous souls who are in mortal fear lest their Catholicity be discovered. It is no discredit to a man in the

United States at the present day to be a firm, sincere, and devout Catholic. Catholics are an integral, living, and growing element in the American population quite too numerous, too wealthy and influential to be ignored. They have played too conspicuous a part in the late troubles of our country and poured out too freely and much of their richest and noblest blood in defense of the unity of the nation and integrity of its domain for that." Thirty-three years have rolled by since the above statement was made and how much truer is it today. Brownson concludes his preface with words worthy of himself: All that I can say is, that it is an honest book, a sincere book, and contains my best thoughts on the subject treated. If well received, I shall be grateful; if neglected, I shall endeavor to practise resignation as I have so often done.

The work itself begins with a chapter on government. Man, had he not fallen, would be man in his perfection. Society would be as harmonious in its operations as the silent sphere in the azure heavens; man's interests would never clash with those of his fellow men; Eden would still be ours. But man fell and in consequence harmony and unity were followed by confusion and disunion.

Slowly did he realize from what heights he had fallen, what a loss was his. Slowly he began to repair the injury done. The task was a tremendous one and required superhuman efforts. Man had forgotten Him without Whom there is nothing that is good. Never was it truer that *nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum, in vanum labor*

averunt qui aedificant eam. The order which man alone brought forth ran once more into disorder. Providence intervened. Abraham was called by God and to his seed was given the custody of that spark which would one day enlighten the world. The Jews were but custodians of that spark; theirs was not a mission of propagandism, but of preservation.

Out of paganism God chose a nation whose mission was one of preparation. For this the Romans and Greeks were called. From political disorder order was to come that the world might be ready to receive that brightness which was to burst forth when in the fulness of time the Word would assume flesh and man raised from sin.

How true to their mission the Jews and Romans were history tells. In spite of the Pharaohs, in spite of the Ten Tribes' defection, in spite of their own fickleness, the Jews preserved intact the seed which would bloom as the fairest of flowers at the coming of the Word.

Rome in spite of Gauls and Teutons, in spite of Coriolanus, in spite of its pride developed a political system such as the world had never seen. Neither nation fell till its destiny had been attained. Yet scarcely had it been accomplished when both decayed and were lost.

But inasmuch as the Roman empire was an outgrowth of paganism, it was imperfect and hence but imperfectly realized the ideal of political systems. What, then, is the ideal state and ideal government? To answer this question we must begin at the bottom by searching for the origin of government.

Various have been the theories of statesmen concerning the origin of government. One by one Brownson handles these theories with political acumen exposing what is true and false in each of them till ultimately he arrives at the conclusion that all true government comes from God through the natural law, which theory he logically proves to be the only true one. But inasmuch as there are two kinds of origin we must distinguish, origin of government as a fact from origin as a right. As a fact we can prove whether or not a sovereign of a nation is the rightful sovereign; as a right it enters into the realm of philosophy and by philosophy alone can we be guided in this point. As stated government as a fact is proved by history. History tells us that the patriarchal was the first form of government. Some philosophers have maintained this to be the true form.

Government cannot, however, originate in the right of the father to govern his child for geneology gives but a limited trust, not complete dominion over the child. Suppose the father is a liar, a thief, a criminal, what assurance has the child of protection against the father's tyranny? Moreover, the child will one day enter society. Has society, then, no right to protect itself against the growth of vice? According to the theory society has no powers, only the father, the chief Evidently, this theory is false. True, God is the common Father of all men, and His power is absolute, but God is more than a father, He is Maker. Being all-wise, all-good, all-just, all-righteous, and immutable, He cannot but govern with infinite

wisdom, goodness, justice and righteousness. Jefferson claimed government to be derived from convention and to be nothing more than a social compact. Evidently, this is wrong. It was this theory which caused such havoc in our own land, that gave rise to Secession, that has made Americans so prone to sympathize with revolutionists, nihilists, and rebels. The civil war has forever not only preserved the unity of the nation, but has caused Americans to abandon such tendencies and theories.

Organization in the people collectively taken has been another pet theory. To say the least this theory is essentially atheistic. Not only does it assert, *people-king*, but *people-God* as well. It asserts despotism against which there is no appeal. But man, we know, has certain God-given rights which nothing on earth may deprive him of. Democratic despotism if you will, but despotism withal. The people collectively taken are not independent, self-existing, but they are dependent on God and exist only as second causes. God did not give to man collectively or otherwise dominion over man. The theory of the people being absolutely sovereign of their own independent right and might identifies the creature with the Creator. This theory can readily be seen to be false.

Such and other theories Dr. Brownson rejects, and accepts as true and logically proves that all true government is derived from God by the collective people through natural law. We arrive at a knowledge of natural law through reason and

tradition. This law is as binding as any other legitimate law. Under it nations are providentially constituted and invested with political sovereignty. Hence it defines and limits all power and rights.

The Constitution of a people is twofold, that of government and that of state. A nation, as the individual, is born with a constitution, this is the constitution of state. As an individual may draw up a code of sanitary rules for the development of his constitution, so may a nation draw up a constitution of government adapted to that of state and aiming at the perfection of the latter. It is wrong to force upon a nation a constitution of government hostile to that of state. States are not like a debating club whose only constitution is that on paper. Men are born into the state and are bound to live according to its constitution, unless it violates its own constitution in such wise as would justify resistance.

No nation appears in history before having a nucleus of organization. Nations have originated in many ways, but that of revolt and independence of colonies or provinces proves of special interest to Americans. Colonies carry with them the constitution, laws, manners, etc. of the mother country. Though subordinate, they are embryonic states. Provinces become independent, but they must previously exist as such. A portion of a people not so constituted, a political party, for instance, may not and cannot revolt.

Everywhere there is a struggle between the constitution of state and the constitution of govern-

ment and everywhere the constitution of state will gain the upper hand, for it is of and for the people. In that country where least friction exists between the two, civilization progresses most, and Christianity, the guardian angel of civilization, will gain soonest. One of the monstrous errors of modern times was our civil war which arose from a lack of knowledge concerning our constitution. Yet as might is no proof of right it cannot be taken amiss to ask ourselves: "Are the United States really one sovereign nation or nothing more than a confederation of sovereign states, as Calhoun argued?" That they are one sovereign nation Brownson very sensibly proves.

Sovereign states may by common consent enter into alliance to exercise some of their powers in common, but sovereign states as such cannot form a sovereign nation any more than a number of individuals can unite to make one individual.

The important point is, were the states before the adoption of the constitution one people with a common constitution of state, or were they several relatively independent states? Origin of government as a fact enters largely in discussion here. All the colonists were British subjects, never claimed to be other than such. The Declaration was made jointly, not severally; as one they carried on war, conquered and were recognized free and independent by the other nations. As one have the people of the United States exercised their sovereign power. The sovereignty of the *United*, not allied or confederate, States succeeded that of Great Britain. From the first they were a union,

not a confederation. The United States have a common constitution of state and it calls for a common constitution of government. John C. Calhoun, believing as he did that he was right, sought to subvert this order of things. He seemed not to have realized that the South, were it successful in maintaining the theory of secession, could not but fail if operated on the principles which formed the basis of its government. Though our country is no confederation, neither is it a consolidation, but a mean between the two, a union. The supreme powers are divided between the states united and the several states. The United States is not the general government; the general government and the particular government go to the making of the National Government. It was the United States that gave to the general government certain supreme powers to be exercised throughout the entire territory of the nation, and to particular government certain other supreme rights to be exercised only within the individual states.

The powers do not conflict but the one completes the other. In the Civil war it was not so much a question of North versus South or Negro slavery versus freedom, but the United States,—state integrity,—as opposed to secession, territorial, not humanitarian against personal democracy. Catholics were rather slow in aiding the prosecution of the war, fearing as they did, that the sentimental quasi-charity humanitarianism was at the bottom of the whole and that socialism would be the real victor.

Both humanitarian and territorial democracy

claimed the victory of that memorial July day at Gettysburg, for no sooner was the victory declared when from New England came the joyous, humanitarian cry of Wendell Philips and Lloyd Garrison who would make slavery, not state integrity, the issue of the war. Humanitarianism ever mindful of everybody's business but its own, recognizes no territory, disregards all individual rights, and sees behind all humanity which is to supersede all rights of individuals or states. It would have the nation be a veritable Don Quixote seeking to avenge some wrong.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.



THE SONG OF THE SCRAPNEL SHELL.

A steady keel and a heart of steel.
The song of the scrapnel shell,
“They’ll work their way with the Spaniard’s weal,”
The story the scrapnels tell.

A flash of fire and a hiss of ire
The scrapnels scream and screech,
The scrapnels laden with vengeance dire
The Spanish hearts will reach.

Upon the deck of a Spanish wreck
A hundred corpses lie,
Another screech at the gunner’s deck
An hundred more will die.

A wreath for the slain of the good ship Maine,
The scrapnels twine to-day;
The red heart-blood of craven Spain
Shall spill in the wild foray.

From out the east to a human feast
The human vultures fly;
There’s hope for neither man nor beast
With vultures in the sky.

Sin’s aftermath is God’s own wrath,
His voice the scrapnel shell
The Spanish sinner that crosses its path
Will have a glimpse of hell.

“A steady keel and a heart of steel
The screech of the scrapnel shell,
They’ll work their will with the Spanish weal,”
The story the scrapnels tell.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, ’99.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

Military Day will this year again be observed on the 23rd of June which is also the day of commencement. The exercises will therefore be religious and military during the day and literary in the evening. Rev. Joseph H. Kroll pastor St. Paul's Church Ft. Wayne, Ind. will deliver the farewell address.

St. Joseph's extends a cordial invitation to her alumni to attend the meeting of the association. The date of meeting has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably be held on the day after commencement.

We have had comparatively few debates this year, much to our regret, but we expect the debate on commencement eve to be a brilliant one. The question, 'Resolved, that an Anglo-American alliance, offensive and defensive, is for the best interests of America,' may be somewhat difficult, but considering the interest and importance attached to the subject, it has been wisely chosen, and the gentlemen on the debate should not lose the opportunity to distinguish themselves.

We trust no one is under the impression that the last weeks at school mean residence at College but freedom from studies and the observance of discipline.

Sampson and Schley were surely not so much annoyed at the trickery of Cervera as the American public at the game of bluff played by the American papers.

A flag-pole, a hundred feet high has been erected on the campus. Father Wiechman, Chaplain of the soldiers' home at Marion, Ind., has consented to deliver an address on the occasion of raising Old Glory, and we know it will be a stirring one.

After reading the tenth chapter of Richard Grant White's "Words and their Uses," we are still unable to come to the conclusion that English is a wholly grammarless tongue, though the *Review* (St. Louis) thinks that this chapter should prove it to us beyond a doubt. For lack of space we cannot attempt to refute all the statements made by White in proof of his contention that "English is almost a grammarless tongue." We will mention some, together with our reasons for not accepting them.

One should think the fact that the verb "to love" has the form "loves" in the third person singular a strong support of the rule of grammar: "A verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person." That the second person of the verb has the same form as the first does not disprove the rule. If it would, the form *j'avais*, *tu avais* would also prove French a grammarless tongue, but Grant affirms the contrary when speaking of the innumerable inflections of the French verb. It matters little whether most verbs in English express only two tenses by change of form and the other tenses by auxiliary verbs, or whether all the verbs express their tenses by a change of form as in Greek. Those that do not express a tense by an auxiliary verb must be learned in English as well as in Greek. Surely the little boy who says "I seen" has not studied grammar. In regard to the exact meaning of the auxiliary verbs, our opinion does not approach near enough to Mr. White's to clash with his. We admit that the word *habeo* in the expression of

Caesar *habebat paratas* as well as in Cicero's *habeo dictum* has the same meaning as in *habeo pomum*, but the word "have" in "I have money" has not the exact meaning of the "have" in the phrase "I have loved." Mr. Grant allows no shade of difference in meaning to a word upon assuming relation to other words. If he were right in this there would be less need of an acquaintance with the rules of grammar, since words are easily connected and placed in English; but we cannot persuade ourselves of the soundness of this view.

English grammar alone may never have qualified any one to use the language with propriety, but it has certainly aided most people. That English is comparatively a grammarless tongue we do not deny, but the fact that English grammar is simple is no reason why its study should be discouraged. A good style can only be learned from good writers, but anyone who has studied rhetoric values the rules given therein, regarding style. We think this case applies also to the study of language with the aid of grammar.



EXCHANGES.

The FORDHAM MONTHLY for April has two very masterly articles one on our new Congressional Library and the other a Roman letter. The writer of the former seems quite capable of living in the fine, classical atmosphere of the Library. His notes on its objects of interest are woven into twelve pages of writing, that betoken a ready acquaintance with the literature of modern and ancient times. The subject, Rome, receives better treatment from Mr. McDonnell's casual letter than from many books professing to give the ins and outs of the old town to a fraction. That part of the letter dealing with the American College is of special interest. The Italian *table d'hôte* comes in for a few hard knocks. "The food at first was a trifle poor, but I am used to it now, and am able to get away with three dishes of spaghetti at a meal." A few more touches of this kind, and Rome the "dream of youth" would be a horrible nightmare. The verse department is too amateurish for Fordham.

Probably no college journal excels the DIAL in point of freshness and originality of matter. Two recent essays, those on "The Art of Swearing" and "Newsboys and Chimney Sweeps," have sustained the paper's fame in this line. The festive sweep, however, is about obsolete in these parts. Thanks to the ex-editor's late friction with the FORDHAM MONTHLY, his department is again bristling with vitality. In the May number he

pinions a weak-minded thing scribbling in the University Chronicle with even less truth than the ordinary "dhamphool"

The book-reviewer rides rough-shod over Walter Lecky's last book. Because the Pere says somewhere in the front of the book: "This talk about heredity is all bosh," he denies that heredity may be advanced to explain the erratic behavior of the "golden lass." In our opinion the sentence is introduced to make its awful consequences as striking as possible.

Many and bold deeds are chronicled in good short-story language in "A Rash Judgment" in the GEORGETOWN JOURNAL. Most wonderful was the steal from first to home on a passed ball. Is the author a humorist?

The CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH is juvenating in dead earnest. Father Finn, the uncrowned king of boydom, has enlisted his pen in the good work, and there is joy once more in the hearts of his admirers. His latest story, "The Teacher Taught," promises to gain him many a new subject. We have seen the first two installments; they are of the kind that causes any one under twenty to bubble over with enthusiasm. No real exciting passage has as yet come to light, but tart lines and incidents fairly gibe each other's heels.

How rosy a thing is frankness! It was with a very delectable feeling we read the MOUNTAINEER editor's statement that his paper "neither is nor has been a representative college journal." The exceptions to this rule may be counted on the fingers of one hand; and ours is not among them. About five men trim the paper up each month, and at the same time have to fly the whole student body.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

BOOK NOTES.

Out of a series of attractive stories by the best writers, called "Our Boys' and Girls' Library," we mention the following:

THE ROSEBUSH BY CANON SCHMID, Benziger Bros. Price 25c.

This is a highly lyrical and interesting tale for young folks. It is a translation from the German, and German phraseology appears to some extent. German idealism marks the character-sketches; and the spirit animating them is of course essentially German. The moral of the tale is constantly in sight, the people in talking always moralize and when they get through, the author commences. Still the story has the charm of simplicity and will interest the majority of readers.

"**GODFREY, THE LITTLE HERMIT,**" by Canon Schmid, Benziger Bros. Price 25c. The remarks made about the foregoing tale of the "Rosebush" apply also to this story. The plot is too clearly fictitious, and a number of moral lessons may be gleaned from every page of the book. Godfrey, the boy-hermit is too wise for a boy of his class; he speaks like a good old man who has the wisdom of a long and godly life. For the sake of the wise counsel contained in the tale, every youth ought to read it.

"**THE CAKE**" "**THE HOP BLOSSOMS,**" "**THE OVERSEER OF MAHLBOURG,**" "**THE BLACK LADY,**" "**THE DUMB CHILD,**" all by Canon Schmid, Benziger Bros. Price 25c. each. These are pretty

stories which young story-writers at college may take for models.

THE FOLLOWING OF JESUS FOR THE YOUNG. By P. Alphonse Grussi. With a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. P. J. Kenedy, 3 & 5 Barclay St. New York. 520 pages octavo.

The purpose of the book is an admirable one, and it is admirably carried out. Father Alphonse is unsurpassed in presenting the truths of religion to young minds. He shows this in his weekly, *The Young Crusader* and in all of his other contributions to juvenile literature, but especially in his adaptation of the *Following of Christ for the Young*. His ingenuity in illustrating the points not easily understood by the youthful minds is as great as his facility in applying a moral principle to all of one's actions. The endearing simplicity of his style, and the choice use of words give Father Grussi's book literary merit. Cardinal Gibbons says in the preface: "*The Following of Jesus for the Young* should be put in the hands of boys and girls very early; they can then be expected to live like Him who daily as they should "advanced in wisdom and grace" as well as years "before God and man." Most particularly will the book serve very well as a book of spiritual reading for colleges and academics of both sexes."

The PASS TIME SERIES of charming stories issued in uniform size and style 16mo. cloth, each 45 cents. Benziger Bros.

Representing this series we have received four stories: THE ARMORER OF SOLINGEN and WRONGFULLY ACCUSED by William Herchenbach;

and THE CANARY BIRD, and THE INUNDATION by Canon Schmid. In reviewing these books one would wish to relate each story entirely because of its charm. There is a simplicity and freshness in the tales of these two authors that is very pleasing. The characters faithfully represent their type in actual life, but lack originality. The translation is satisfactory and we have therefore every reason to recommend these story-books, of which each is a gem, the more since the price is very low.

We predict an immense popularity for two new books published by Benziger Bros. They are WINNETOU THE APACHE KNIGHT and THE TREASURE IN THE NUGGET MOUNTAIN. We shall notice them at length in our next issue.

SOCIETY NOTES.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—On May 4th the Society convened for the sole purpose of attending a business meeting. The only matter of importance transacted at that meeting was the election of Mr. Howard Meighan, as member of the executive committee to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. John Burke's resignation.

The society has decided not to render a play this commencement, but to substitute a debate instead. The members chosen are, Messers. Travers and Meighan, affirmative; Serocynzski and Frenzer negative. The resolution being, Resolved, That an alliance with great Britain, offensive and de-

fensive, is to the best interests of the United States. Owing to the timeliness of the question and the well known abilities of the gentlemen as debaters, the debate will, no doubt, be of interest to all.

MILITARY—The last has been a busy month for the military. Saturday evening, May 7th, the military obtained permission to go to the city in a body there to unite with the citizens to celebrate Dewey's victory. While the city and college bands played patriotic pieces, the Battalion executed, drills and manuals before a large number of spectators. Before leaving the city the boys listened to a number of patriotic speeches delivered on the court-house steps by several of Rensselaer's most prominent citizens. As the boys departed homeward they were cheered lustily.

The military program of May 18th. was a complete success. Every one entered into the work with a will—Chaplain, Officers and privates all united in a common cause and the consequence was a decided success, financially and otherwise. The program consisted of drills by the Zouaves, Co. A., Sword drill by the officers of the Battalion and a comic drill by "Blanco's Brigade," following these was the force "I'll Stay Awhile." The characters were as follows;

Hiram Harper.....	Wm Hordeman
Harry Harper.....	Henry Kaevelage
Ned Nicholson.....	Wm Arnold
Rastus Smith.....	John Morris

Then followed the unique program by our local Minstrel Co. Aside from a little backwardness on the part of some of the "darkies" it was a com-

plete success. Mr. Otto Holtschneider far surpassed the others in the grand cake walk and, consequently, was presented with a fine specimen of pastry. The red back-ground showed off to advantage. Songs were rendered as follows:

"Enjoy Yourselves," Messrs. Cullen and Reid; On the Banks of the Wabash, J. Mutch; Will I ever See My Mother's Face Again, L. Rausch; The Ship I Love, H. Meighan; Jasper Johnson, J. Morris; The Chicken Thief, J. Wessel; Hottest Coon in Town, H. Reid; Syncopated Sandy, E. Cullen; Hottest Baby in the Bunch J. Holtschneider; the chorus to each song being sung by the entire company. The company consisted of seventeen of the students. The boys extend their heart, felt and sincere thanks to Father Benedict and Professor Weyman for the valuable assistance rendered, without which little would have been achieved.

The Military now boasts of a company of Zouaves, an organization entirely new to Collegeville, which owes its existence to the untiring and energetic efforts of Rev. Father Benedict and Major Kuenle. For the past month the Zouaves have been trying to master movements and manuals, to make a good showing on their first appearance. May 13th they gave an exhibition drill on the streets of Rensslear. May 19th they escorted the bishop to the college and were also participants of the military program. With a little more practice the Zouaves will become quite proficient in the use of arms.

GROTTO — A grotto is to become a *fait accompli* in Collegeville. The students have drawn up a petition to the Faculty asking them to have a grotto placed on the lot; preparations will be made as soon as the Faculty comes to a definite decision. It is the wish to have a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and have it placed in a grotto composed of some rustic material surrounded by a nice lawn and flower beds. We can but hope that the undertaking will be crowned with success as it will serve to increase that devotion so loved among Catholics and especially among students.

WILLIAM RICHARD ARNOLD 1991.

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION.

Sunday, May the 8th, was for four inmates of Aloysian Hall a happy day indeed. Surrounded by relations and fellow-students they received for the first time into their innocent hearts their dearest Master and Lord.

Certainly a more beautiful day could not have been desired for this solemn occasion, being as it was an ideal spring day. All tended, it seemed, to inspire the heart with love for Him who this day was the guest of His chosen ones.

That the communicants were well prepared goes without saying, having for some weeks received daily instructions at the hands of their loved prefect, Father Bonaventure. It is the good

fortune of few, we dare say, to receive so thorough a preparation as the communicants of '98. The chapel was tastefully decorated, the altars being literally covered with flowers, ferns, and burning tapers.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Bonaventure, Fathers Mark and Joseph, deacon and subdeacon respectively, while Father Fridolin officiated as master of ceremonies. Eight fellow-mimins of the communicants assisted as altar boys.

A short but very impressive sermon was preached by Father Bonaventure. He earnestly exhorted the happy children ever to keep their souls unsullied, and remember the vows which they this day had taken.

The choir under the able direction of Father Justin acquitted themselves with credit.

In the evening the St. Stanislas' Reading Circle rendered a program in honor of the communicants. Though it was the society's first public performance, the entertainment was a complete success. Master Albert Birren in a song, "Mrs. OLeary's cow," was the acknowledged star of the evening.

The communicants, Masters Keilmann, Junk and Hemsteger, spoke pieces appropriate to the occasion. Master Maurice Peelle recited the following verses written by Mr. D. Brackman for the occasion.

GAUDETE!

When nature reviving dispenses her treasures
 Of beautiful springtime to young and old
We drink at the fount of her plentiful pleasures
 Of joys more inviting than silver and gold.

When loyal and faithful a friend is returning
 From abroad to our tender and loving embrace
We feel that our bosoms with pleasures are burning
 Which none of the pleasures of spring could replace.

When children at Yuletide pour forth with devotion
 Their innocent souls to the newly-born Lord
Their little hearts swell with a purer emotion
 Than the warmest embrace of a friend could afford.

But when our dear Jesus, the Manna eternal,
 Reposes within us, O heavenly thought!
We taste of the pleasures unearthly, supernal,
 To which all the joys of this world are as naught.

At last we partook of the banquet celestial,
 For which we have yearned in the years of the past,
When Jesus would enter our bosoms—the festal
 And glorious day—it is with us at last.

The day which the conqueror Napoleon rated
 The acme of bliss in his glorious career,
Which chaste Aloysius, our patron, awaited
 With vehement longing and reverent fear.

How sweet is the thought! We hold in possession,
 Who on high at the right of His Father resides;
And rapturous beyond all the pow'r of expression
 To know that He loves us and in us abides.

And Mary, since Jesus within us is dwelling,
 Looks down on her children with doubled delight,

While numberless angels in beauty excelling
Surround us in rapture by day and by night.

But language is lifeless: it never expresses
The joys of the soul that are sprung from the skies;
The bliss which is hid in her deepest recesses
Has never known language—but beams from the eyes.

And such are joys that you read in the faces
O' the four happy guests of Sweet Jesus today.
O help us to thank for His heavenly graces
And bask, like ourselves, in His love's warmest ray.

Ye, Fathers, dispensing this heavenly treasure
To mortals who languish to feast as His guests,
Partake of our mirth which is all beyond measure
Since Jesus has chosen to live in our breasts.

Companions and class-mates, your best gratulation
Today is to share our hilarious mood,
Rememb'ring the day when in like exultation
You tasted the first time this heavenly food.

But ye, who have never yet tasted its sweetness—
Ah, yearn for this day of extremest delights!
Implore the sweet Jesus to liken the fleetness
Of time intervening to fancy's fast flights.

And lastly I ask you, dear father and mother
And brother most welcome and sister most dear,
To heighten the bliss of your son and your brother
By joining to-day in his jubilant cheer.

Rejoicing I promise my Jesus that never
I'll cease to continue His faithfulest guest
And hope that in intimate union forever
We'll all be His guests in the realms of the blest.

D. A. B., '98.

Those present from abroad were Mrs. Peelle and daughter Agnes of Indianapolis; Mrs. Junk and Mrs. Miller of Chicago; Mrs. Keilman and son Master Bernard of St. John, Ind; Mr. B. Hemsteger of Piqua, Ohio.

On the twentieth ult. the Right Rev. Bishop Rademacher of Ft. Wayne confirmed in the college chapel a class of fifteen students, including the first communicants. Solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Zumbuelte of Hanover Center, Ind.; Father Kubacki of Reynolds, Ind. and Father Joseph as deacon and subdeacon, Father Bonaventure officiating as master of ceremonies.

The deacons of honor were Fathers Augustine and Benedict.

After the mass the Right Rev. Bishop delivered a very impressive sermon, explaining to those that were to be confirmed the great importance of the sacrament.

After service the Te Deum was chanted in solemn thanksgiving to God for the gifts which He had bestowed.

JOHN R. MORRIS.

BASE BALL.

The "Stars" resolved to try their luck once more with their conquerors, but while the spirit was willing the body was weak, and they once more fell by the wayside, victims to Kramer's snakelike twisters.

The features of the contest were the clever base running of Travers of the "Stars" and Schraf of the "Eagles." Didier, Stoltz and Horst were the heroes of the day in batting, while Kramer distinguished himself by his laudable work all around. Score complete:

Stars	A.B.	H.	R.	A.	E.
Travers 2b.	6	3	1	2	1
Schneider ss.	6	2	1	3	2
Steinbrunner p.	4	2	2	5	0
Horst rf.	5	3	2	0	0
Cullen 3b.	5	1	1	0	3
Rohrkemper lf.	3	0	0	0	1
Reid 1b.	3	1	2	0	1
Bremerkamp c.	2	1	0	2	1
Reichert cf.	5	3	1	0	0
<hr/>					
Totals	39	16	10	12	9
<hr/>					
Eagles	A.B.	H.	R.	A.	E.
Didier cf.	6	4	4	1	0
Phalen ss.	2	2	2	2	0
Scharf 2b.	3	3	3	0	0
Schneider lf.	6	1	1	0	0
Jachim c.	3	1	2	0	1
Stoltz 1b.	3	2	3	1	0
Kramer p.	5	3	2	2	1
Kanney 3b.	4	1	0	0	2
Bellerson rf.	4	0	0	0	1
<hr/>					
Totals	36	17	17	6	5

Summary: Twobase hits, Didier (3), Horst, Stoltz. Three base hit, Horst. Bases on balls, by Steinbrunner 9, by Kramer 1. Struck out, by Steinbrunner 4, by Kramer 11. Wild pitches, Steinbrunner 3, by Kramer 1. Umpires, Arnold and Sauer.

JOHN R. MORRIS.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

On May the 31st, the annual picnic was given under the auspices of the St. Boniface Literary Society. Each society contributed liberally and their efforts for success were ably seconded by willing hands.

Every student looked forth expectantly to this day to enjoy a few leisure hours among the vernal beauties of nature, and to participate in the merriment which usually accompanies the occasion.

At an early hour Mr. Miller's grove was the scene of merry-makers, who spent the morning in various games and amusements.

At noon the welcome echoes of the bugle rang through the grove, summoning the stragglers to the festal board.

The Venerable Sisters, Brother Victor and willing workers of the committee, have our sincerest thanks.

There was an athletic program at 4 o'clock. The 100 yard race was won by Mr. Frey; the 75 yd. Dash, junior, by Master Thienis; the High jump, by Mr. Muinch; the Hop, Step and Jump, by Mr. Travers, reaching a distance of $37\frac{1}{2}$ ft; the junior Hop, Step and Jump by T. Thienis; Putting the Ball, by Mr. Pugerman, throwing a six pound ball 41 feet; Pie race, by Henry Horstman; Lawn tennis, by Messrs. G. Hartgens and A. Brehmerkamp.

Supper was served at 5.30 and was followed by a lively band concert. At 7.30 the literary program was opened and it proved a befitting conclusion to the day's festivities. It consisted of a selection by Mr. Mutch; an oration by Mr. D. Brackman; a song by the German Choir; A comic recitation, by Mr. Fehrenbach, who succeeded admirably well in provoking laughter; a comic song by Mr. Kuhnmench, and Mr. Rapp; and a paper by Mr. Rapp, who well sustained the laughter of his antecedents. On the whole the program was a success for the society of which Rev. Father Justin is the Director.

EDMUND LEY, 1900.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes and have not fallen below 90 per cent in conduct and application during the month of April appear in the first column.

The second column contains the names of those that have reached an average of 84 per cent in all their classes with at least 84 per cent in conduct and application.

90 PER CENT OR ABOVE. 84 PER CENT OR ABOVE.

W. Arnold.

C. Diemer

J. Boeke

S. Diefenbach

T. Brackmann

G. Didier

D. Brackmann

B. Eckstein

L. Dabbelt	U. Frenzer
E. Deininger	C. Frey
C. Daniel	B. Holler
F. Ersing	H. Hoerstman
E. Flaig	O. Holtschneider
H. Fehrenbach	E. Hefele
S. Hartmann	L. Holthaus
L. Hoch	X. Jaeger
L. Huber	A. LaMotte
P. Kanney	L. Meier
S. Kremer	J. Meyer
M. Koester	R. Monin
H. Luke	J. Morris
J. Mayer	V. Muinch
C. Mohr	H. Plass
D. Neuschwanger	H. Reichert
B. Recker	J. Riefers
I. Rapp	R. Smith
C. Rock	E. Schneider
M. Schmitter	E. Schweitzer
A. Schuette	B. Staiert
V. Schuette	F. Seroczynski
H. Seiferle	J. Steinbrunner
P. Sailer	C. Uphaus
T. Saurer	L. Walther
J. Seitz	H. Wechter
P. Staiert	
T. Travers	
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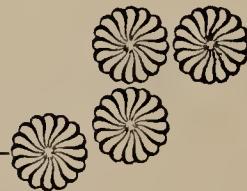
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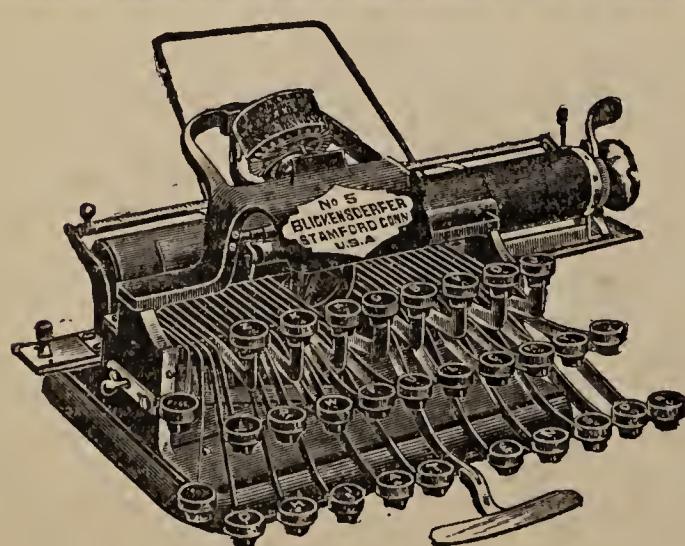
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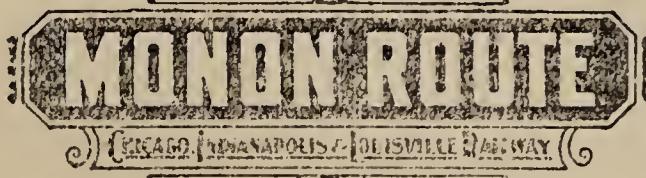
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